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For The Child's Paper.

THE HUGUENOTS.

Who are they? The *Bible Christians* of France. Three hundred years ago everybody in France was Roman-catholic. People believed and did just as the priests told them. In the city of Paris, about this time, there was a man who, though he minded all the priests said, found no comfort. He studied a great many books, but none of them brought him nearer to God. At last he found an old book, which was a new one to him. He read it again and again, and felt it was worth more than all other books besides. "For," he said, "I now hear a voice before unknown to me; it is the voice of Christ. My Shepherd and my Teacher speaks to me with power." You can guess what that book was. The Bible, God's word. Le Fevre—for that was the man's name—told the good news to his friends; and many, like him, took the Bible for their guide, and it led them to Christ their Saviour. I cannot tell you how rejoiced they were to find him.

Le Fevre printed the gospels in the French language, and scattered them abroad. He wrote some dear little tracts also, and colporteurs travelled far and wide to give and sell them to the people; for those who love the Saviour, like their heavenly Master, love to do good.

Everybody received them gladly. "This truth is precious to our souls," they said. It was not long before the Romish priests found themselves losing influence. "See the carders, the fullers, the combers, everybody at their work talking about the Bible," cried the priests. "They will no longer believe what we say, if they find out what Christ teaches. Nobody will come to confess to us. We shall get no money. The Bible will ruin us."

They told the king that a stop must be put to this matter. "The Bible is a bad book," they said; "it will ruin us. It must be burned." The king immediately gave orders for the people to return to the priests for instruction, or they should suffer for it. "Give up God's word?" They could not do that; they had rather suffer.

The first martyr was a poor wool-comber. He loved his Bible dearly, and was very happy in his Saviour; and because he would not forsake them, he was put to a violent death. A dreadful persecution began. Some were thrust in prison, others drowned, others starved, others were burned. I cannot tell you how many were murdered all over France, and all because they read and loved and obeyed God's word.

At last the Huguenots took up arms against their persecutors. A terrible civil war raged in France. It was a sad, sad time. After a while the king pretended to be sorry. He made peace with them, and promised not to do them further harm. They believed the king's word, laid down their arms, and went home, in hopes of living peaceably.

All of a sudden, one summer's night, the church bells of Paris began to toll. It was the signal for a new and more terrible slaughter. Soldiers with white crosses rushed into the streets, and with naked swords in their hands broke open the houses of the Huguenots, and killed them without mercy. Nobody was too high, nobody too low to escape their bloodthirsty enemies; men, women, and children shared the same fate, as you see.

And what took place at Paris, took place all over France. Who can count the thousands which fell in that terrible massacre? It is called in history, "The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day," and took place on the 24th of August, 1570.

For The Child's Paper.

"NO" IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

"Come, Willie, come, let us have one of your funny songs," said some large fellows, gathering round a little boy in the academy yard. "No," answered the little boy.

"No?" said the great boys—"no? Do, Willie, do. Come, we will give you something." "No," cried the little boy, shaking his head, "I don't do that thing."

"Where did you learn that No, Willie?" asked the large boys.

"I learned it at the mission Sabbath-school," said the little boy. "My teacher told me to say No to anybody that asked me to sing wicked songs, and all the coaxing in the world will not make me do it."

Bravo, my little boy. That is *No* in the right place.

He who returns the first blow is the man who begins a quarrel.

For The Child's Paper.

THE STUBBORN BOY.

A rough-looking man brought his son into school, saying, "I have brought my boy here, and would like to see if you can do any thing with him. I confess he is more than I can manage. Of all the stubborn boys I know of, he is the worst."

The teacher said he thought they would get along very well, and gave the boy a seat with a good, quiet scholar. He watched the boy for some days, but discovered nothing amiss in his conduct, though he seemed to shun every one, and did not join in the sports at play-hour.

One day as the teacher was passing along by the desks, he laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, but the boy shuddered and shrunk from him. "What is the matter, Henry?" asked the teacher. "I thought you were going to strike me." "Why should I strike you?" "Because I am such a bad boy." "Who says you are a bad boy?" "Father says I am a bad boy, and mother says so, and every one says so." "But you are not a bad boy, at least I think so, and you can be as good a boy as any one. Ask God to help you to be good, and you will be sure to succeed."

The poor boy's eyes filled with tears. He was not used to such kind words, and when his teacher left him, he thought, "Can I be a good boy when every one says I 'm so bad? But *he* did not say I was bad; *he* said I could be a good boy. I *will* be a good boy."

From that time a marked change was observed in the boy. He took a great deal of interest in his studies, and made rapid progress. His schoolfellows soon learned to love him. He grew up to be a great and good man, and became governor of one of our largest states. G. C.

For The Child's Paper.

"Will you please buy a bunch of flowers?" asked a little boy of a lady in the street. The lady stopped. "How much a bunch?" she asked. "Ten cents," said the boy. The lady saw they were grasses, honeysuckles, buttercups, and some of the common garden flowers, very prettily tied up together, and she thought them very beautiful. "So you are trying to earn a penny," said the lady. "Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "it costs a great deal to live now, and I want to help father what I can. Sometimes I earn a dollar a day."

"Some boys do not care how much they cost their fathers," said the lady.

"Father is a good father," said the child feelingly. The lady took two bunches. It pleased her to see a grateful son; for it is quite true, children forget how much they cost their parents. If children cannot *earn* to help father and mother, they can at least be careful of what father and mother provide for them, and not tear their clothes, abuse their books, lose and break and destroy things, as they are so apt to do, without thinking any thing about it. Carefulness and saving keep money in father's pocket, and that helps him very much. It not only keeps money in his pocket, but it does more; it comforts him in his toil to know that his little children have grateful and willing hearts.

For The Child's Paper.

JESUS' STORY ABOUT A PEARL.

Did you ever see a pearl? Perhaps your mother has one in her bosom pin. It is a beautiful round, white stone. Some are quite small; others are bigger, and very costly. A queen once owned one that cost four hundred thousand dollars. Did you ever look into a jeweller's shop? There you will see pearls and other precious stones sparkling and shining, and I dare say you think, "Oh, I wish I was a jeweller, to own all these fine things." But the jeweller only buys to sell them again. He is a merchantman. Did you ever hear the Lord Jesus' little story about a merchantman? Here it is:

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

I suppose the merchantman had a great many little pearls; but he was willing to sell them, yes, and every thing he had, to buy that large one, which was so much more valuable. What does the story mean? It means something for you and me, my dear child. *You* are like that merchantman.

"I?" cries a little boy; "I never tried to buy a pearl in my life." "And I," says some little girl, "never saw a pearl in my life." Perhaps not; but you are seeking after something to make you happy, are you not?

"Oh yes," says a little boy, "and if I had a tent like Willie's, I should be perfectly happy." "Yes, and if I could get the medal at school, I should be perfectly happy," said Bessie. Ah, I am not so sure about that. Willie thought just so; but his tent does not make him perfectly happy. Now he wants a dog and a little cart. As for Bessie, one of her school-mates won a book for a prize, and Bessie came home quite discontented. "Bessie has lost the medal, I reckon," said uncle Tom. "No, sir, here it is," cried Bessie, brightening up; "but Kitty Jones got a beautiful book, and I had rather have had that." So, you see, it is hard to be made perfectly happy. There is almost always something to destroy the happiness which we expect things will give us.

But there *is* one thing which will make us really happy, because it will satisfy us, and because we shall never, never, never get tired of it. What is it? what *can* it be? It is this pearl of great price which Jesus spoke of in his little story.

What can that pearl be?

Why, it is Jesus himself, and nobody and nothing else. He only can make us truly happy. Without him for your Friend and Saviour, you may have every thing beautiful around you, and have every wish gratified, and yet be discontented and miserable. With him as your Saviour and Friend, you may be poor and sick and lame and blind, and yet be happy and contented as can be. You will not care for any such little troubles. Oh then, my children, go and seek him, go and find him; go with a humble, earnest, penitent spirit, and ask him to forgive your sins and bless you.

Will you not?

The Presbyterian Sabbath-school in Rochester, N. Y., have sent a donation of *one hundred dollars* to the American Tract Society, to furnish *books for the freedmen* through Uncle John Vassar. The generosity of this Sabbath-school is, no doubt, one reason of its prosperity. It is a beautiful reply to the question,

"Oh, what can little hands do?" etc.

For The Child's Paper.

THE BEAR AND THE TOMTITS.

Shall I tell you a true, or a fictitious story?

"What is a *fictitious* story?" One that is not true.

"Would it not be wrong for you to tell me any thing which was not true?" Let us see. A little girl came to me one day, and she said, "Here is my little baby; her name is Sarah Jane." I looked up and saw a spool in her hand, an empty spool. Was that wrong? "No." Was it true; was the spool a real little baby? "No." Why was it right for her to call a spool a baby when it was not? Perhaps you cannot quite tell; therefore I will. It was not wrong for her to call the spool her baby, because she was not trying to *deceive* me. I could see it was a spool, and nothing more; and she was not trying to make me think it was a real baby when it was not.

It would be wrong for me to tell you any thing which is not true, and try to make you think it is true; but it is not wrong for me to tell or to make up a little story to please and instruct you, if I do not try to deceive you by it; so I will tell you a story of the bear and the tomtits. It is, you see, a *fictitious* story, but one you can learn something from which is worth remembering.

One pleasant summer's day a wolf and a bear were taking a walk together in a lonely wood. They heard something singing. "That is good singing," said the bear; "what sort of a bird is it?" "It is a tomtit," said the wolf, "a very little bird, but it sings pleasantly." "I should like to see his nest," said the bear: "where do you think it is?" "If we wait a little while till his mate comes home we shall see," said the wolf.

The bear and the wolf walked backwards and forwards some time, till his mate came with some food in her mouth for the children. The wolf and the bear watched her. She went to the tree where the bird was singing, and they together flew into a little grove just by. They noticed the place, and then walked away, but not to stay long, for the bear was very impatient to see the nest. They returned, and the bear scrambled up in the tree, expecting to amuse himself finely by frightening the tomtits.

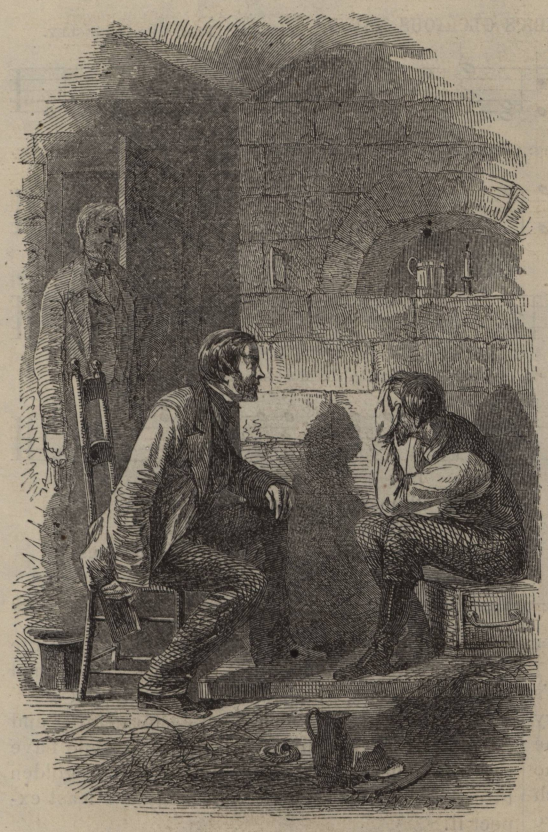
"You had better be careful," said the wolf. "The tomtits are little, but little enemies are sometimes very troublesome." "Who is afraid of a tomtit?" cried the bear. So saying, he poked his great black nose into the nest. The poor little birds screamed with terror. "Go away, go away," they said. "What do you mean by talking so to me? I will teach you better," said the bear; so he put his great paw on the nest, and crowded it down till the poor little birds were half dead. Pretty soon he left and went away.

The young tomtits were terribly frightened, and some of them were hurt. As soon as the bear was gone, their fright gave way to anger; and when the old birds came home and heard the story, they were angry too. They knew the bear, for they had seen him prowling in the woods. Now there was a famous glen where the bear used to go and sleep, because it was a wild, solitary place. The tomtits often saw him there. One day the bear was prowling round, when he saw two huntsmen with guns coming towards the wood. He fled to his glen in dismay, and thought he should be safe there.

The tomtits were flying about, and presently saw the huntsmen. "Now," said one to the other, "is the time to get rid of the tyrant." They began to flutter around the huntsmen, and fly a little way towards the glen, and then back again, which attracted the notice of the men, and they followed them to see what the matter could be.

By and by the bear saw them coming, led on by the tomtits. He ran from one side of the glen to the other, but could not escape; and the hunters shot him with two bullets through the head.

The wolf happened to be near at the time, and hearing the noise, he came and peeped over the rocks. As soon as he saw how the case stood, he thought it would be most prudent for him to walk away, which he did, saying as he went, "Well, the bear has found out that it is better to have a person a friend than an enemy, whether he is great or small."



For The Child's Paper.

SHOULD you like to be shut in from the bright sun and the sky and the green fields and pleasant people as this poor young man is? Shut up in prison walls! a thick wall this side, and a thick wall that side, and a great iron door locked by a strong key. How dismal it looks; how awful! This man was once an innocent little baby. He had a dear mother to tend him, and a father to love him, and aunties, and a grandpa. He was once a happy little boy like you, and was taught to kneel at his mother's knee, and say, "Our Father." He had pretty books and playthings. He went to school, and had faithful masters to teach him. God was very good to him; and Jesus was saying to him, as he says to you, "Come, follow *me* in the pleasant paths of right;" and the "little voice" within often whispered in his ear, "Do do so, child."

But—I must now come to the sorry part of it—*but* he opened his heart to a bad spirit, and that bad spirit was, "*Don't care.*" And he did not care, and became wild and wicked and reckless. You see we *must care* in this world, my little children. We must take care, or, as the Bible says, *take heed*. We must take care what we hear, and what we see, and what we think, and what we say, and what we do, and where we go. If we do not, Satan will get hold of us, and lead us into wicked ways. Satan is always on the watch, and he often sends "don't care" to a boy first. As soon as a boy *cherishes* a don't care spirit, he becomes careless about minding his parents, careless about telling the truth, careless how he behaves, careless of God's law, and careless of every thing right and good.

As I said before, this little boy grew up with a *don't care* spirit. He ran away from his pleasant home, and went with wicked companions. His poor mother died of a broken heart. He went from bad to worse; and at last, in a drunken spree, he killed a man. He tried to hide; but the officers of justice hunted him up, and he was carried to prison. And there he is *for life—never*, never more to be free again.

For The Child's Paper.

THE OLD HAMMER, OR WHOSE IS IT?

Jasper was one day cracking some filberts on the school-house steps with the head of a hammer. Of course he was cracking nuts at a disadvantage, for a hammer needs a handle to give it power.

"Where is your handle, Jasper?" asked one of the boys. "It never had one since I had it," answered Jasper. "I picked this head out of a barrel of old iron in Mr. Davis' yard, and he said I might have it. It is not of much account without a handle, I find." "I have a handle that I am pretty sure will just fit it," said Tom Black, "and I 'll give it to you, Jasper. I will fetch it to school to-morrow." "Oh, thank you," said Jasper. "It ought to be oak," said Stephen. "It is oak, live oak," said Tom. Tom was as good as his word, and the next day brought a handle. It was old and pretty well worn, but it fitted nicely.

"Now I have a hammer of my own, boys," cried Jasper, marching round with it, "and I shall not have to borrow, and be afraid of losing somebody's else." Jasper liked tools, and Mr. Gordon the master often showed the boys how to make things. One corner of the yard, under the elm tree, looked like a workshop. There was a little house where pieces of board and tools were kept.

The next day, when Jasper came to school, Tom was using his hammer. He took it from Jasper's desk. "So you got my hammer," said Jasper pleasantly. "It is *my* hammer," said Tom. "It is not, either." cried Jasper. "I did not give you the handle to *keep*," said Tom, "and the head is nothing without the handle." With that Tom jumped up and went off, hammer in hand. "It is *my* hammer," cried Jasper, running after him. Other boys came up, and there was a tumult of loud and excited voices. Was there a quarrel brewing? I dare say Mr. Gordon thought so, for he came to the door and looked out. The most he could hear was, "*My* hammer," and, "*My* hammer," and, "As much Tom's hammer as Jasper's." He asked a boy near the door what the matter was. Stephen told him. "Go bring me the hammer," said Mr. Gordon. Stephen went up to the boys with the message. They looked round and saw Mr. Gordon at the door. Tom gave up the hammer, and Stephen carried it to the master, who took it to his desk.

School began, and nothing was said about the hammer. It lay on Mr. Gordon's desk all day. Before school closed in the afternoon, Mr. Gordon said, "Boys, is this the truth about this hammer?" and he related what Stephen told him. "Yes, sir," said Jasper. "Yes, sir," said Tom, "only I changed my mind about letting Jasper *keep* the handle."

"As there is apt to be a great many disputes, and a great deal of quarrelling and hard feeling about property," said Mr. Gordon, "I want to explain to you some of the rules which people observe when they part with what belongs to them. When a person gives or sells any property, it is called a *conveyance;* something *conveyed away*, you see. If this is done in such a manner as to make the thing fairly and fully the property of the person who takes it, it is called a *valid* conveyance; *valid* means, according to law. If it is done in such a way that the bargain is good for nothing, it is said to be *null* and *void*. Now we must try to find out whether Tom's giving the handle to Jasper was a *valid* conveyance or not; must we not?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boys, much interested.

"*Three* things are necessary to make the giving away of property a valid conveyance," Mr. Gordon went on to say; "for instance, Tom's giving the handle to Jasper. First, it must really be his to give away."

"The handle was mine, sir," said Tom.

"Secondly," said Mr. Gordon, "he must actually *mean* to part with it." "He did promise it outright to Jasper," said Stephen, "without any ifs or buts; I heard him with my own ears." Tom said nothing.

"In the third place," said Mr. Gordon, "the property must be actually delivered to the new owner. This completes the conveyance, and makes it fully his. If one boy promises another boy a knife, but if he comes the next day with the knife, and refuses to part with it, the other boy has no right to seize it as his. A promise to give it does not make it his. The boy must actually give it of his own accord. According to these rules, to whom does the hammer rightfully belong?" asked the master, looking round.

"Jasper," "Jasper," answered the boys. Nor was there a dissenting voice.

"But I changed my mind, sir," said Tom, looking down, and yet feeling that he must say something.

"This is a very common thing among children," said Mr. Gordon, "but it is always wrong. When any thing is once really conveyed to another person, either sold, or given, or exchanged, the first owner has no more right to take it back than any other person has to take it. So that your verdict is right; the hammer rightfully belongs to Jasper. And yet," added Mr. Gordon, "if a boy gives any thing, and is sorry for it afterwards, and wants it back, it is perhaps best generally to give it back. I would do so. The hammer is Jasper's; he can do just as he pleases with it; but if Tom wants the handle back, I think I should let him have it."

"I do not want it, sir," said Tom. "It is clearly Jasper's, and he is welcome to it."

"And Tom is welcome to use my hammer when it is not lent to anybody else," said Jasper.

And so the matter was peaceably settled. As the question of property occasions more disputes and quarrelling among children, as well as grown-up people, than almost any thing else, I hope the boys and girls will remember these rules when they give away their things, or part with any of their small traps. K.

For The Child's Paper.

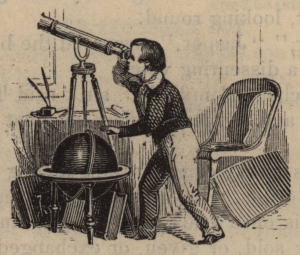
THERE was a knock at the door. It was a cold, cold day. Bertie went to the door. Pretty soon he ran up stairs. "Mother," he said, "there is a little girl on the steps, and she wants something to eat; and Oh, she looks so hungry." "Tell her I have nothing for her," answered his mother. Bertie did not stir.

"Mother," he said, "will you give me a pair of shoes for her bare feet?" "I have no shoes to give away, Bertie," answered his mother. "Will you give a hood, or something for her head, mother? the wind is freezing cold." "Nothing," said his mother. But Bertie did not stir. He could not carry back a message like that. The little girl would look sorry.

"Mother," he asked, coming up to her with a tender, pitying look—"mother, if that was *our Alice*, would you not like to have folks give her something?" "*Our Alice*," repeated mother, "our Alice? indeed I should, Bertie. Call the child in." With *this* message Bertie ran joyfully down stairs.

The child came in and warmed herself. Bertie gave her some milk and gingerbread. Nor was he ever happier in all his life. Mother came down and spoke kindly to her, asked who she was, and where she lived. She found her the child of a poor, hard-working man, who had come to want through sickness and the hard times; and very thankful she felt that his little daughter had not been sent empty-handed from her door. "I must thank you for this, Bertie," said his mother.

The thought of "*our* little Alices" driven from door to door, out on the steps, naked, cold, and hungry, must touch our hearts and open our hands to the sad cries of the poor little wanderers of the street.



WHAT THE STARS SAY.

Stars, that on your wondrous way
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To such a little child as I?
Tell me, for I long to know
Who has made you sparkle so?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
Child of mortal race, attend,
While we run our wondrous way:
Listen, we would be your friend,
Teaching you that Name divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die.
Suns and planets pass away;
Never can the soul decay.

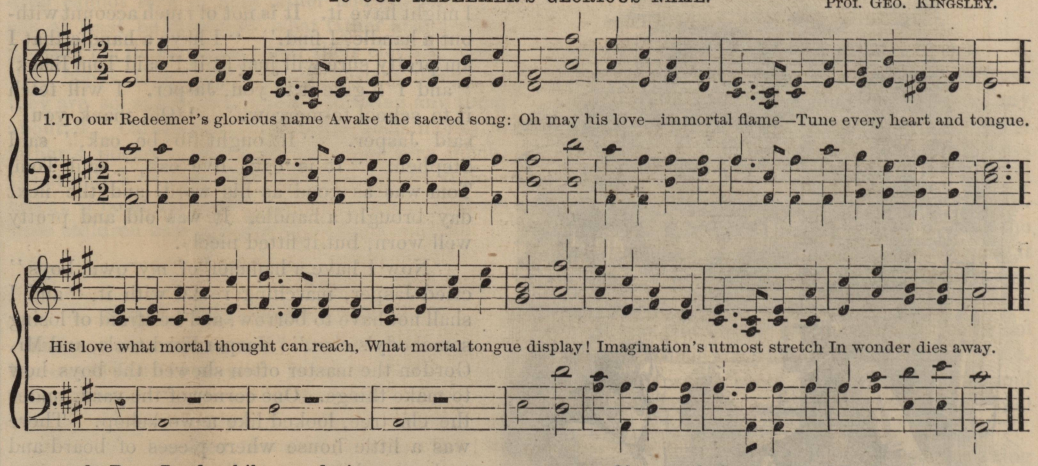
When some thousand years at mos
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host
Shall forsake the firmament;
We shall from our glory fall,
You must live beyond us all.

Yes, and God who bade us roll—
God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant's soul
With a condescending eye,
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star.

Oh then, while your breath is given,
Pour it out in fervent prayer,
And beseech the God of heaven
To receive your spirit there,
Like a living star to blaze
Ever in your Saviour's praise.

TO OUR REDEEMER'S GLORIOUS NAME.

Prof. GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. To our Redeemer's glorious name Awake the sacred song: Oh may his love—immortal flame—Tune every heart and tongue.
His love what mortal thought can reach, What mortal tongue display! Imagination's utmost stretch In wonder dies away.

2. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song. STEELE.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT A CHILD MAY BE.

Ella early loved the Saviour. In her every-day life she was an example to all, gentle and loving, at home and abroad, in work or in play, truthful and conscientious in doing what she believed to be right, seeming ever to remember those four words, "Thou God seest me." Her Bible and her private devotions were never neglected; not a single morning or evening was permitted to pass without communion with her Saviour. Before twelve years of age she publicly professed her faith in Christ, and in all the varied circumstances of her brief life honored the Saviour she loved.

She is no longer in her accustomed seat by our hearthstone fire—no longer at her desk at school, where love and duty made study a pleasure. No longer do we see her upturned face at the Sabbath-school, drinking in, as it were, the words of Jesus as they fell from her teacher's lips. No longer is her sweet voice heard in hymns of praise on earth. The Saviour, in whose word she had read, "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also," has called for her.

When, in her thirteenth year, she was attacked by fatal disease, and inquiry was made of her feelings and hopes, she replied that she expected Jesus would be with her. Her simple faith in Christ never wavered. As friends were watching her fast fleeting breath, one repeated, "The Lord is my Shepherd." "Yes; 'yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me'—yes, yes." Her weeping mother whispered in her ear, "Jesus is with you?" "Yes, and many more," she said; then gently her patient spirit passed from earth to dwell for ever with its Saviour.

Her chair is vacant, but one more place at Christ's right hand is filled, and heaven is brought very near to earth, as we look up and by faith catch the strains of sweeter melody of praise to Him who has washed us and redeemed us in his blood, which her glorified soul pours forth as she stands before the throne of the Lamb.

A large circle of friends and school-mates assembled to drop the tear of affection, listen to an address from her pastor upon the importance of early seeking the Saviour, sing those beautiful lines, "Asleep in Jesus," and lay our Ella where the violets bloom, until the resurrection day. B. W.

For The Child's Paper.

DAVID lost his way—*almost* lost it. He came from school through the woods. It was a new home, and David had not learned all the turns and openings yet. To be sure, there was a little path through the woods; but it had snowed all day, and the path was covered with snow. The sun was setting and the moon was rising. David began to feel afraid. He got "turned round," he said, and could not tell which way was home. He called; nobody answered but the crows. He shouted as loud as he could. Echo answered, that was all. He called again, "Father, father!" Presently he heard a small voice near him. "Mew," it said, "mew, mew." He turned round, and there was his kitty. She heard her little master's voice in the woods, and remembering his kindness, ran a long way through the snow to find him. David took pussy up, and following her small footprints, pretty soon saw a bright light shining through the kitchen window. "There is home," he cried joyfully, "home, sweet home, for pussy and me."

If David had amused himself in tormenting and frightening kitty, you may depend she would have run the other way. But kindness is a golden thread which draws us friends when we least expect it.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord." Psa. 5:3.

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest.
Oh how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day?

A MAN was complaining of his hard lot. "Daddy," said his little boy, coming close to him, "did you forget your leg 's got well, so you can work now?"

There is no lot so hard but there is some goodness to remember and be thankful for.

A lady writes, "Oh, little Child's Paper, how I love you."

"Thank you very much," answers The Child's Paper, "for I love to be loved."

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